

No Dreaming Allowed

by Personal3

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Summary: Just an idea that came to me as I was going through the daily grind. That's about it. Let me know what you think, maybe I'll write the rest of the story.

No Dreaming Allowed

\_I wonderâ€| who between us the greater fool is. The girl, who only wants to save her friend, to the point that she has all but destroyed herself, or the boy who was assigned the task of ensuring she succeed, no matter the cost. The girl who was willing to defy the gods and their plans, or the boy who was enslaved to those selfsame deities. The girl who obsessed over the well-being of another to the point of neglecting herself, or the boy who found her fractured soul so beautifulâ€|\_

\_Of course, it is my personal belief that the boy was the more foolish of the two, but that may just be the bias of love talking. I don't know. I don't have much time left. I can feel the crystal starting to grow as I write this. Homuraâ€| for both our sakes, pleaseâ€| save Madoka. Even as my body fails, Lindzei is trying to force his will upon mine.\_

\_Kyubeyâ€| pleaseâ€| watchâ€| afterâ€| Homura... pleaseâ€|\_

She always wondered why he insisted on carrying that journal with him everywhere they went. Now, as she watched the crystalline abomination that was once her guardian, she understood. Just like everything else during these thirty days, it had all been for her.

\_When a fal'Cie takes a human to be one of its l'Cie servants, that person is given a Focus to be completed. Should the l'Cie fail to fulfill this Focus before his or her brand advances to its final stage, that l'Cie becomes a Cie'th.\_

\_Mired in eternal sorrow and regret, and robbed of all free will,

Cie'th are damned to wander the world unliving and undying, until their corrupted flesh at last can move no more. For Cie'th, there is no salvation.\_

She succeeded in her task, nothing to regret. But why did this sight upset her so much. Everything was done for Madoka. She saved Madoka and lived to tell the tale. Everything he did, no matter what it was, was for her. He even withheld his emotions and walked side-by-side with her into any danger, throwing himself headfirst into anything that opposed her and her goal.

Fal'Cie are an existence beyond human comprehension, possessed of incredible magic power. The beings known as fal'Cie possess the power to enthrall unwilling human instruments, compelling the victims to serve their will. These individuals, known as l'Cie, are marked with indelible brands. They gain the gift of magic, but also bear the burden of completing a task known as a Focus for their fal'Cie master.\_

He was nothing to her, a pest. She thought of him as a foolish boy with a hero complex, right up until she learned of the fal'Cie. Of the l'Cie that Madoka had tried to save. Of the Incubators, fal'Cie themselves, dying en masse to buy her the time she needed to separate Madoka and the Gate.

The brands that mark a l'Cie as one of the fal'Cie's chosen change gradually, passing through several different stages. When the "eye" at the center opens - the brand's final stage - the l'Cie become a Cie'th.\_

A brand's rate of progression depends partly on the difficulty of the l'Cie's Focus. It is also linked closely to the individual's mental state, with severe psychological trauma sometimes spurring rapid advancement. In the most extreme cases, severe fear and shock at being made a l'Cie has turned newly made l'Cie into Cie'th at the instant of their branding.\_

Perhaps this is the feeling of regret? Not regret for saving Madoka, but regret for never taking him seriously. They had the same goal. She wanted to save Madoka. He wanted to save Homura. Were they really so different?

Love is cruel. I know that I will never have anything with Homura. She told me as much. I know as much. L'Cie, we don't get happiness. A man chooses. A slave obeys. That is a truth this world has shown me. Everyone will die, and nothing will change that. Mortals have it best. They can choose for themselves how they want to live their lives. I have all this power and if I could trade it for a day of being mortal, I would. How many believe that humans are weak? That to be human is to be so flawed, so damaged, so destructive, that they are unworthy of the air they breathe. That to lose the bindings of human flesh is to ascend? No. To be human is to be human. That is all. As Dr. Martin Luther King once dreamed, "I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character." He was right. His dream. Humans are flawed, and that is what we are. There is no such thing as perfection. There is a reason why humans are dominating the planet.\_

He started rambling when the idea of humans giving up their humanity

came up. His opinion was rather sensible. After all, if all of these beings are as powerful as they claim, why are they putting so much effort into a masquerade? No, humans have inherited the earth. The age of Gods and Magic is over. Only l'Cie and their variants remain, and there are three left. Magic is dead. God is dead. That is all there is to it. Humans struck the final blow against both. Still, I have one more person to deliver. One last coup de grace.

I buried him with his gun that day.

End  
file.